COMPANIONS OF THE LEGION

Perpetuation of the Deeds of the Loyal Men Who Helped Preserve the Union.

Organization of the Indiana Commandery, at Which Distinguished Officers and Many Other Ex-Soldiers from Abroad Assisted.

A Gathering of Those Who Wore Shoul der-Straps Bravely Won in Battle.

The Pleasures of the Day End Around th Banquet Table, Where General Wallace, Ex-President Hayes and Others Speak.

ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION

Companion in Arms Perpetuating in Peace

Memories of Great Deeds. The Indiana Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, is the title of the latest branch of the now famous organization, which, formed by three gentlemen of Philadelphia, at the close of the civil war, now has commanderies in eighteen States and Territories, and a membership of over six thousand. Of these three gentlemen, but one, Peter D. Keyser, is now living. The first commandery was formed in Pennsylvania, and others followed in New York and Massachusetts; but the principal growth of the order has been since 1878, when Colonel John P. Nicholson was made recorder of the Pennsylvania Commandery, at that time the Commandery inchief, and it is not saying too much to affirm that much of its increase and prosperity is due to his efforts. From the beginning the order had the favor of the greatest soldiers of the Union army. Framed after the model of the Order of the Cincinnati, with a provision for perpetuating its existence by the admission of the eldest sons of original members, they saw in it an opportunity not only of perpetuating the principles for which they fought, but a means of preserving their own records in the keeping of their descendents. General Grant belonged to it, and was the grand commander of the New York Commandery when he died. Hancock was its first commanderin chief, and was followed by Gen. Phil Sheridan, who was succeeded by General Hayes, its present head. General Logan was a member of the Illinois Commandery, and nearly every prominent officer of the Union army who has passed away was enrolled among its member-

With the organization of the Ohio Commandery, in 1882, the principal growth of the order in the West began. That commandery is not only among the strongest numerically, but it was made up in the beginning of earnest workers, and its influence was soon felt among neighboring Western States. It included such men as General Benjamin Harrison, R. B. Hayes, J. D. Cox. Thos. Wood, J. B. Foraker, E. F. Noyes, and others. And to its work the new Indiana Commandery largely owes its origin, most of its charter members being former members of the

The organization of the Indiana Commandery, while it was intended to be made a fitting and appropriate celebration of the birth of the new section, gradually assumed proportions which were not anticipated by its projectors. The companions of the other States took a special interest in giving the Hoosiers a good send off, and all day yesterday the incoming trains brought delegations from many of the larger cities of the West and Northwest, besides the visitors from various points in this State. The roster of these visitors is as follows:

ILLINOIS COMMANDERY-CHICAGO. John McG. Adams, Capt. T. H. Crane, Lt. C. K. Dauchy, Maj. W. A. Amory. Gen. C. W. Drew, Gen. Charles Ball, Maj. O. W. Ballard, Gen. A. C. Ducat, Col. W. L. Barnum, Lt. J. C. Durgin, Capt. T. N. Dulcher. Capt. J. H. Bell, Gen. E. F. Dalton. Capt. C. S. Bentley, Chaplain Arthur Edward Gen. J. L. Beveridge, Maj. C. E. Bliven, Capt. T. M. Farnham, Lt. C. T. Boal, Lt. C. S. Burdsall, Maj. J. A. Fitch, Col. F. F. Flint, Col. H. C. Corlis, Capt. H. V. Freeman Capt. W. L. Cadle, Capt. H. W. Caldwell. Maj. W. E. Furness, Capt. B. M. Callender, Capt. L. W. Castes, Maj. T. H. Capen, Capt. D. H. Gile. Gen. A. L. Chellain, Maj. D. T. Corben, Lt. G. W. Hale, A. H. Chetlain, Capt. A. J. Harding. Capt. Eug. Cary, Lieut. W. G. Hemstreet, Maj. E. J. Harkness, Capt. T. L. Rogers. Col. J. M. Hoag, Capt. I. P. Rumsey, Capt. H. Hoge. Capt. G. A. Holloway, Maj. T. P. Remdlet, Col. J. B. Smith, Gen. C. T. Hotchkiss, Col. A. F. Stevenson, Maj. W. L. B. Jenney, Capt. C. R. E. Koch, Gen. J. H. Stebbs, John T. Stockton, Maj. George Mason, Col. E. D. Swain, Capt. F. W. Thebaut, Lieut. C. F. Matteson, Capt. J. T. McAuley, Lieut. John McLaren, Capt. N. Thomassen, Capt. Wm. Vocke. Lieut. John McLean, Gen. Charles Waite, Capt. J. F. Morrison, Capt. J. C. Neely, Lieut. R. Williams. Maj. F. W. Byers, Surg. W. Danforth, Maj. O. W. Nixon, Capt. A. R. Houston Capt. C. G. Penney, Capt. E. A. Otis. Capt. A. S. Ludlow. Maj. A. J. Cheney. Maj. J. H. Pattison, Gen. R. N. Pearson Lieut. S. Babcock, Capt. D. V. Purington.

OHIO COMMANDERY-CINCINNATI. Gen. R. B. Hayes, Col. J. D. Stuckey, Maj. E. C. Dawes, Gen. W. D. Hamilton, Capt. D. V. Bonnell, Gen. J. Warren Keifer, Capt. A. H. Mattox. Capt. J. Milton Blair, ien. Chas. H. Grosvenor, Gen. Robert Healy, Maj. H. P. Lloyd, Gen. J. S. Witcher, Capt. F. G. Cross. Col. Leo Markbreit, Capt. E. V. Cherry. Capt. R. P. Rifenberich Gen. F. W. Moore, Capt. N. R. Warwick, Capt. H. S. Chamberlain, Col. L. S. Sullivant, Col. D. W. McClung. Capt. George W. Cavett, Capt. Wm. C. Goodlove, Capt. J. J. O'Connell Col. J. W. Fanlkner, Capt. Robert B. Wilson, Capt. H. P. Cooke, Maj. W. H. Chamberlin, Capt. A. R. Lybrand, Capt. Robert Wilson, Col. A. W. McCormick, Capt. J. R. Stewart, Maj. George B. Fox, Capt. J. C. Michie, Capt. E. R. Monfort, Capt. T. M. Sechler, Col. E. G. Rathbone, Capt. T. F. Swing, Capt. J. H. Chapman Capt. W. H. Williams, Capt. J. W. Gano. Col. G. M. Finch. Capt. Geo. W. Wilson. Ensign W. C. Herron, Capt. Jno. N. Bell, Maj. J. C. Hall, Maj. Carl Berlin, Maj. Wm. R. McComas, Maj. J. V. Guthrie, Capt. J. W. Wilshire. Capt. Alex A. Knapp, Col. J. M. Locke, Capt. C. A. Partridge, Capt. J. K. Pollard, Col. Max Mosler, Capt. J. B. Mitchell, Cel. Harrison Wilson, Col. J. T. Raper. Col. Gilbert D. Manson Capt. Wm. R. Lowe, Capt. Wm. R. Rule, Mai. A. M. Van Dyke. Capt. W. P. Chamberlain, Gen. S. B. Smith, Maj. W. D. Bickhorn, Capt. Jno. Ruhm, Capt. J. G. Taylor, Col. Andrew Wells. Maj. A. H. Brundage, Col. E. A. Scoville, Capt. A. P. Baldwin, Capt. W. M. Wilson. lapt. A. S. Frazier, MISSOURI COMMANDERY-ST. LOUIS.

Col. Wm. B. Nesbitt Col. James F. How. Maj. D. B. Lee, Maj. H. D. Wood, Maj. Chas. Christensen, Capt. Frank Raymond, Maj. Amos Thayer, Capt. W. R. Hodges, Lieut. Chas. H. Gleason, Maj. Jno. W. Emerson. Capt. I., G. Harris, Capt. Geo. Robinson, Gen. John W. Noble, Capt. Thos. C. Doan, Capt. F. L. Ridgely, Gen. W. H. Powell, Dr. P. S. Greene, Gen. John McNeil, Dr. Albert Merrell, Sen. J. S. Fullerton, Dr. Chas. S. Hughes, Capt. F. R. Rice, en. Thos. C. Fletcher, 'ol. Nelson Cole. Capt. Irwin Ellis. Capt. E. W. Kingsbury. Col. J. O. Churchill Col. Chas. S. Hills, Capt. A. C. Widdicome, Col. W. H. Blodgett, Col. R. C. Kerens, Capt. Benton Tuttle. Capt. Chas. H. Morgan, Col. C. S. Charlott, Capt. Chas. Ruby. Col. D. P. Dyer, Capt. F. Y. Hedley, Col. C. C. Gardner. Capt. S. W. Fordyce. Col. John W. Phillips, Capt. Joslin. Col. A. J. Seay. Col. Geo. D. Reynolds, Capt. T. D. Kimball, Capt. L. B. Ripley, C. H. Galloway. Maj. J. G. Butler.

Maj. H. L. Morrill, IOWA COMMANDERY-DES MOINES. Maj. Harry Ristine, Adjt. J. C. Stoddard, Capt. J. R. Amidon, Capt. G. W. Beva. Capt. A. M. Whaley, Col. M. P. Mills, Capa. Wm. Dean, apt. W. P. Henderson, Capt. C. L. Longley, Maj. S. F. Ely, Maj. M. A. Hegley, Col. W. P. Hepburn, Col. H. L. Swords Frank A. Sherman, Col. W. T. Shaw, Capt. W. Beckwith, Capt. C. U. Smith, Col. S. L. Dorris, Capt. Albert Head. Col. W. G. Cumminge, Capt. C. H. Kurtz. Capt. J. S. Alexander, Gov. S. P. Packard, Capt. F. S. Whiting, Maj. E. Wilkin, Col. G. L. Godfrey. Gov. J. A. T. Hull, Maj. Hoyt Sherman. MICHIGAN COMMANDERY-DETROIT. Maj-Gen. B. R. Pierce, Lieut. F. H. Rogers, Maj. G. W. Chaudler. Capt. John S. Land.

Capt. Henry H. Hinds, Lieut. George A. Sheiy,

Capt. W. G. Vinton, Col. Robert Burns, Maj. H. B. Osborne, Maj. F. P. Muhlenberg, Capt. C. K. Brandon Lieut. L. N. Chamberlin, Lieut. J. T. Dickinson, Lieut. F. L. Dodge, Capt. R. I. Eskridge, Capt. C. H. Diekinson, Maj. C. B. Griswold, Capt. J. P. Sutton.

WISCONSIN COMMANDERY-MILWAUKEE. Captain A. Ross Houston, Ensign A. S. Ludlow, Major A. J. Sheney, Surgeon W. F. Beyer, Surgeon Willis Danforth. Colonel J. W. Barlow. KANSAS COMMANDERY-TOPEKA

Col. Andrew S. Smith, Capt. M. H. Insley. Capt. W. W. Fortescue.

As the visitors escorted by the resident companions met at the assembly room of the Bates House, which had been designated as the Indiana Commandery headquarters, the scene about the hotel was an exceedingly interesting and animated one. Nearly every member of the organization present had met before and greeted each other as only men who have shared the same dangers and privations together can greet each other, while those who met for the first came together rapidly under the influence of the generous hospitality extended by resident companions. Among the visitors scattered through the halls and lobbies during the day were many men of national reputation and celebrity. Gen. R. B. Hayes, a trifle thinner and a good deal grayer than when he left the presidential chair, was warmly greeted as the respected head of the order. Major W. D. Bickham, of Dayton, who served as a volunteer aid to General Rosecrans and fought through several battles without pay, received a good many congratulations as the only member of the Legion who occupied a class by himself. Other noticeable visitors were Major Hoyt Sherman, a brother of Senator and General Sherman, and bearing the family likeness strongly in his tall figure and stronglymarked features. Major Jenney, & well-known engineer officer on General Sherman's staff; General Pearson, the last colonel of the Illinois regiment General Logan raised and took to the field; Gen. W. P. Hepburn, formerly colonel of the Second lowa Cavalry and since a member of Congress; Col. James F. Howe, now president of the Wabash road; Gen. W. H. Powell, one of Sheridan's most trusted lieutenants: Colonel Thomas C. Fletcher, who commanded a Missouri regiment and was afterwards Governor of the State; Col. R. C. Kerens, of St. Louis; Col. D. P. Dyer, of the same city; Maj. H. L. Merrill, now general manager of the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad; Capt. L. G. Harris, of St. Louis, formerly of the Iron Brigade, and who carries many honorable scars; Capt. S. W. Fordyce, now president of the St. uis, Arkansas & Texas railroad; Col. A. J. Smith of Kansas, formerly adjutant-general of the old Sixth Army Corps; Major Higley, of the Fifteenth Iowa, a famous regiment in the Army of the Tennessee; Gen. A. C. Voris, of Akron, O., who was fearfully wounded during his service; Maj. E. C. Dawes and Capt. Abner H. Mattox, of Cincinnati, who was likewise severely hurt in the war, and many others of like brave and honorable record.

The visitors were entertained throughout the orenoon by resident companions, and at noon those whose names were listed to be balloted for at the business meeting were introduced at a general meeting held in the Assembly Hall. In the afternoon receptions were given by Gen. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Allen, and Maj Clifton Comly, which were largely attended At. 6 P. M. the business meeting of the order was held at the assembly room, Commander-inchief Hayes presiding, and Capt. A. H Mattox, of Cincinnati, officiating as recorder, in place of Colonel Nicholson, the recorder-in-chief. After the charter was delivered roll-call. Captain Mattox, Maj. Dawes and other commanders assisting in the ceremony, and the insignia were delivered to the officers-elect after they had been sworn in by the commander-in-chief, as

Commander-Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, Crawfords-S. V. Commander-Gen. R. S. Foster, Indianapolis. J. V. Commander-Capt. R. S. Robertson, Fort

Recorder-Lieut. B. B. Peck, Indianapolis. Registrar-Lieut. G. W. H. Kemper, Muncie. Chancellor-Maj. C. S. Wilson, Indianapolis. Treasurer-Lieut. S. J. Peelle, Indianapolis. Chaplain-Maj. Will Cumback. Greensburg. Council of Administration-Col. Eli Lilly, Indianapolis; Maj. V. R. West, Richmond; Col. Oran Perry, Indianapolis; Maj. Sig. Wales, Terre Haute, and Maj. W. H. Calkins, Indianapolis.

Gen. Lew Wallace, as commander, and Lieut. B. B. Peck, as recorder, then took charge of the commandery, and after the election of the new members, the list of whom was published yesterday, and some routine business the commandery adjourned for the banquet tendered to visiting

AROUND THE BANQUET TABLE. A Brilliant Scene Where the Best Enjoy

ment Continues Undisturbed. At 8:30 P. M. the banquet was spread at the Bates House, and the companions without reference to their several commanderies filed through the halls of the hotel to the dining-hall. There was some little delay in opening the doors of the room and the crowd amused itself by sing ing patriotic songs, the singing-school of the Missouri Commandery leading in the music. At 8:45 the doors were thrown open and seats were assigned to the guests, preference being given to the crippled and partially disabled members of the order. Four hundred and eight sat down at the banquet tables, many of the members living in this city not being included, although it was expected they, too, would be provided for. The first preparation was made for 250, but the number so increased that not only was the large | Fellahin belles in that it was her only garment. dining-room closely seated, but the ordinary was also full. Three long tables were placed, and these were handsomely set with linen, silver, crystal and china. At intervals from one end to the other were alternating buquets and backets of flowers. The bouquets were upright in silver cylindrical vases, and the baskets were in quaint shapes. The centers were filled with a fern plant and surrounded with all the wealth of bloom that the conservatories afforded in roses, hyacinths, carnations, frigia, tulips, daisies and violets. The center-table bore a beautiful design, the emblem of the Legion, made of white hyacinth... carnations and ferns, and this was sent, after the banquet, to a very prominent member, Gen. R. S. Foster, of this city, who was unable to be present on account of illness. The corners of the rooms were banked with tall palms, and the main hall in front of the dining-room door was decorated with the same plants, forming a screen for the musicians, Mr. Wm. Zumpfe's orchestra, which played during the serving of the elaborate banquet. Back of the musicians were flags tastefully draped, matching in their triple colors the ribbons, from which are suspended the Legion medals worn by every mem-

At the table at the north end of the main dining-room, which extended from one side to the other, Gen. Lew Wallace, as the presiding officer, sat with Gen. Hayes, the commander-inchief, on his right hand, and prominent members of the order, including Gen. Pierce, Major E. C. Dawes, Capt. A. H. Mattox, Major A. R. Hodges, Col. W. R. Pearson, Col. D. S. Mc-Clung, Gen. Robinson and Gen. J. W. Kiefer, of Ohio; Gen. J. S. Chellair, Capt. M. H. Insley, Col. Grosvenor, Major Wm. Cassius Goodloe, Col. Giles D. Mansou, Col. Pat Dyer, Major J. R. Farnum, Col. J. K. Faulkner, Gen. Fred Moore, Major G. B. Fox, Gen. W. D. Butler, Capt. A. F. Gross, Col. E. D. Rathbone, Major W. Ostrander and others being in close proxisalty. The menu, which was admirably served. was as follows:

Stewed Little Neck Clams. Celeri en Branche. Cotelettes de Truite, Sauce Tartar. Ecrevisse en Coquille Roti. Ris de Veau en Caises au Madere. Froid-Dindonneau Roti. Langue de Boeuf a l'Ecarlate. Galantine de Volaille, a la Gelee. Pate de Foie Gras, a la Strassborgeoise. Caneton Desosse aux Truffes. Mayonnaise-Poulette. Crevettes.

Charlott de Russe. Glace Tutti Frutti. Gateaux Assotis.

Ca'e Noir. Pommery Sec. At 10 o'clock Gen. Wallaced called the guests to order and Chaplain W. L. Robinson, of the Missouri Commandery, asked the blessing of Divine Providence upon the feast and those who were to partake of it. He also asked that the same favor might be extended to the social intercourse of the companions that had been shown them upon the field of battle. The singing-school of the Missouri Commandery then sang a medley which ranged from "My Country, 'tis of Thee" to the bugle song "I Can't Get "Em Up." Companion Ripley, of the same commandery, also furnished an admirable solo, which was heartily applauded. The address of welcome of Commander Lew Wallace, of the Indiana Commandery. which followed, was received with marked enthusiasm, the cheering of the guests at several portions of it compelling the speaker to suspend his remarks at times, and laughter being frequent throughout. The General spoke

speech of welcome to the guests of this new commandery, I confess it looked at first view like a refined superfluity. On second thought, however, I changed my mind, and of that I wish to tell you. There is something in a name, let say who will to the contrary. The excellent grand commander for whose presence to-night we are all under unspeakable obligation, will forgive me, I hope, for coming to him for an illustration; but suppose it had been announced that instead of General Rutherford B. Hayes, [Ap-plause,] Ex-President of the United States, General Aminidab Dobson, ex-president of the Ananias and Saphira, N. H. Club, would preside over our

ceremonies. how many of the illustrious and valiant gentlemen whom I am to welcome would have honored us by accepting our invitation? And yet the Dobsons are a numerous and respectable clan, while Aminidab has the sanction of Holy Writ. Indeed, gentlemen, there is no use arguing the question, but going straight to the applica-tion I know, every citizen of the State knows, that Indiana has suffered more from the nick-name "Hooser" than could be told in an octavo volume. She is really a much better State than Ohio or Illinois [protestations and cries of "Not much; "Oh no, no;"
"No no"], and should have outstripped them in
wealth and population. The three make a sandwich, and you know it never fails in that class of invention that the richness, whether butter, preserves or meat, is in the middle. [Laughter.] Do you ask what has kept Indiana always a little to the rear? Smile if you will, but believe me when I say it was the result of too much of the entitlement "Hoosier." The term is neither Indian nor Christian. [Laughter.] Vastly better had it been pagan, for then it would have been sus-ceptible of a definition. Never anything more simple in operation. Every story must have a location; where-fore, was there an anecdote to tell, the hero of which was an original, a slouch, a butt, rude of manner, unconventional in speech, eccentric, funny, illiterate, blackguard, the "raconteur" pre-empted Indiana, and angled for his laugh at her expense. Thus, from Maine to Georgia, especially in New England, Hoosier became a synonym for ignorance, non-progression and a world of things in the shady margin between civilization and barbarism. So it occurred to me, reflecting on the propriety of the proposed speech of welcome, that perchance some good companion from afar -say from New York, where the opinion is still prevalent that the West begins in Chemung valley, and ends at a longitudinal line drawn from Niagara Falls to Pittsburg-might come here nervously doubtful of what he might find and how he would be re-ceived, and saying to himself: "Indianapolis; yes, yes, that is the sacred seat of the Hoosiers—that is where they abide in their purely aboriginal state." Now, should there be such an one present, an explanation might make him easy in mind; and then, where there are many guests, is it not the law that the host is as dutifully bound to each of them as to all? Here, my friends, you have both the reason of my change of opinion and the motive of my speech. Her much thought of the best means of accomplishing the purpose, I have determined upon a recital of a bit of history, which, while soothing to

the nervous stranger, may be chuck full of valuable information to the whole heap of you. It may be

well enough also to notify the reporters that the nar-rative is not copyrighted. Where I found it is un-important. The title should be preserved, if only on The First Hoosier: Whence He Came, and Whither He One morning, in the seventeen hundred and nineties-absolute chronology would be better subserved by fixing the date in the year 1795, when what is now Cincinnati crouched close under the guns of Fort Washington-a backwoodsman stepped into a cance from the Kentucky shore of the Ohio river and committed himself to the current, aided now and then by a sweep of his paddle. He was bound for the new town. His business was to get supplies from the sutler of the post. As barter was the method of trade in that day, he carried a swollen bale of coon skins in the bow of the boat. He also carried three days' rations concentrated in a loaf of corn bread, and a trusty rifle, which he laid at his feet within easy reach. No doubt all would have gone well with him but that he had further provided himself with a keg of millenial extract of corn, [Avoice, "What is that!"], which was none the worse of its home brewing. We know the article better nowadays by the simpler abreviation of Old Bourbon. Thus early had Kentucky entered into the industry which has made her famous as far east as Constantinople. [Applause.]
I would not have you understand, gentlemen, that it was the extract or its mere possession that brought the excellent forefather into trouble. The river was lonesome, and as he floated on between the great hills he tired of the constant lookout against Indians, and sought relief from the keg. In fact, as he drew nearer his destination his appeals to that ready cure for ennui became more frequent, so that, as the legend says, he actually passed the fort and the infant city in the dead of night unchallenged and unknowing. One can-not admit this fact without thinking of how much better off the wandering Greek of classic memory would have been in passing Syrenic Isles could be have begun his voyage with a keg of old Bourbon in the hold. [Applause.] At an early hour next morning the canoe, swinging in an eddy, struck the northern shore of the river at a point below the divisional line between Ohio and Indiana. The traveler awoke, and rubbed his eyes, less to see, however, than to draw his senses out of the tangle into which they had been cast. That moment a man stepped aboard his craft boldly and as become an owner clothed with an indisputable possessory right. The collequy which then ensued is of great value historically, and as illustrative of the quality of the English language which makes it at once the wonder and despair of foreigners. I give the dialogue exactly according to the legend. "Who're you?" the traveler asked, his astonishment not permitting a multiplication of words. Then, with singular precision with respect to the pause practiced, and even enjoined at this period by

all the authorities on politeness in conversation, in the very tone decisive of a reply as distinguished from a counter-demand, "Who's yer?" [applause] the stranger said, beginning a mental inventory of the contents of the cance with a deliberation that did not at all comport with the rapidity of his utterance-a rush which in fact ran the three words into one with the emphasis on the pronoun. His intention, of course, was to ask, Who is Here! just as the traveler on his side had aimed to inquire, who are you! There was really very little information conveyed to the traveler in the stranger's return; nevertheless it seemed abundantly sufficient to him; he snatched the rifle at his feet, and was manipulating with practised hand not to speak of a deadly intent, when, from the bank above him, a third party joined in the debate, "Drap that iron; a'y

The voice began and ended on the last note of the fifteenth octave diatonic scale exploded through the nose. [Laughter.] The traveler's head was jerked up as with a string, and this was what he saw-I am still speaking regard-

fully of the legend-A woman of the complexion of yellow clay, her hair of a foxy hue; and flying as if to catch all the wind blowing over the quarter-section. Her figure, lank and angular, seemed thrice the height permitted by nature, an effect due undoubtedly to a dress of faded blue calico, still more like the costume of modern [Laughter.] Of course she had two eyes which my authority sets down as of a milky blue; nevertheless, the traveler maintained to the day of his death that the woman had but one eye, deeply black, and set in the very middle of her face. That he was mistaken is natural, for a man of the steadiest nerve and most philosophical turn, when covered by a gun in a hostile grip never sees the eyes behind the aim; he sees but one orb, that of the gun, and it is always black and of

miraculous expansiveness. [Laughter.]
The legend continues. Thus persuaded the traveller laid his rifle down, and sat without stirring, while the stranger, whose appearance was that of a rejected photograph of the Amazon on the bluff, save that he wore a swamp-died hickory shirt, and trowsers hitched up with a suspender of leatherwood bark, coolly removed the gun first; then the store offprovisions. As he was lifting the bale of pelts, he spied the keg, raised it level with his face shook, it and chuckled andibly in reply to the low girgling splash-splash emitted by the liquid within. Though not an old Roman, he landed the find with a haste in which there was no room to doubt that he was as much a believer. in fortune as Brutus. [Applause.] Returning again, he reft the boat of its pelts; then, with the entire cargo in possession he shouted to his helpmeet-

"Eze m up. M'riar. I've got his gun. Run, and bring the gourd, an' we'll take a drink, an' let 'm go." The traveler watched the gourd charged with two royal smiles -- saw the first one swallowed by the tall Juno in calico-heard her exclamation, "Oh, my! aint that good!"-saw the man partake-heard the smack of his lips-then he could contain himself no longer. "See yere," he said, "What kind er people air you Hoosiers anyhow! [Applause.] I am awful dry." Pardon me, my friends, if I break away from the egend long enough to remark that this was the first time the word Hoosier was ever spoken. Observe at what a thrilling juncture it was uttered [applause and laughter]; observe, then, the continuation of the veracious history. The stranger's countenance underwent a change such as may be imagined if the morning sunbeams on his forehead had been suddenly replaced by a ray of the harvest moon. "Well," he said, "it was right good in yer to bring these things to us—it was, by hokey!" Thereupon he poured a generous draught from the keg into the gourd and stepped to the canoe. "An ye shan't go way sayin' as how we ain't judges of good lick'r, and that we ain't hospectable like. Yer's got yer paddle, hain't

"Yes," said the traveler. The stranger set the gourd carefully upon the ground, braced himself, his hand upon the nose of the needle-like craft, and simultaneously with a yell, the echo of which ten minutes afterward came back from the mountain across the river-"Then git, I say!"-He gave a shove that would have done honor to Hercules. The traveler tumbled upon his face, and when he recovered was many yards from the shore, but not too far to see the stranger lift the gourd and take a long, deep drink, or to hear the farewell, "We're all right. [Great applause.] There ain't no flies on us. [Continued applause.] Yer has yer paddle, anyhow." The legend then rushes to its conclusion. Slowly, toilfully, tugging hand over hand against the current, and eating his heart the while, the victim arrived at Cincinnati, and to Captain Harrison, adjutant of the post, told his tale. "What did you call them?" the

captain asked. 'Hoosiers," was the answer, followed by the weighty suggestion, "and say, Cap'n. if yer goin' to send arter 'em I recken yer army had best take one of them big guns along, fer nothin' less than a cannon shot will ever spile that woman." [Laughter.] A detachment of soldiers went to the place and found a dugout in a hillside, and on a stick at the entrance a coon skin, raggedly inscribed in pokeberry ink, "If yer has bizness with me kum down to Louisville. Thar's whar I kum from, and am now going." [Laugh-

Let me say now that I hope the nervous guest to whom I have been speaking has had command of himself sufficiently to follow me through the narration just concluded. If so, he will have noticed that the first Hoosiers were Kentuckians; that they came from onisville and returned thither; [I may on my honor add that since they vanished no such characters have ever been seen or heard of in Indiana [great applause] who were not transients from Kentucky. Once every four years a few men of that ilk visit us: [applause] but having voted Demo-cratic tickets and repeated half a dozen times, and lickered up as often as health allows, they disappear

State with two millions five hundred thousand people; a State with a school fund of \$10,000,000, and school houses for every three miles of territory; [applause] a State with a per cent. of illiteracy less than that of any of the sisterhood save two: a State with railroads connecting every county seat with the capital; a State with unlimited resources as bases of industry: a State to which, besides its 160 square miles of coal, a good Providence has furnished so bounteously that by turning a little valve next the hearth-stone, every good housewife will shortly be able to make summer in the midst of the deadliest winter; a State in which the machinery of government is perfect, so that, if the chief executive has the will, no law shall go unenforced [applause. "Good!"]: a State which, in proof of its loyalty, sent 150,000 of its sons to help maintain all our fathers won and devised. [Enthusiastic applause.] In a word, a State as great of heart as it is sound of mind. And now, for me to enter into a specification of the kind of welcome such a State would extend to visitors like the guests of the evening, would be to subject its hospital-

ity to suspicion. One final word, gentlemen: It may be that some of on would like to see a representative modern Hoosier. In that case, I suggest if you should be in Washington any time after the 4th of March next [cheers and prolonged applause], that you call at the White House and send your card to the President. ["What's the matter with Harrison!" "He's all right!"] No doubt he will be glad, even happy, to gratify your every natural and laudable curiosity. [Applause. "What's the matter with Indiana?" "What's the matter with the Eleventh Indiana!" "They are all right!"]

There were further selections by the singing school at the close of this address, and when they were finished, Gen. R. B. Hayes was presented as the commander-in-chief of the order. There was a unanimous request that he should speak from a position where he could be readily seen and heard and, after some importunity, he stood upon the table at the head of the room and

Companions-The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States is writing the history and biography of the war for the Union on such a scale that they will soon fill many volumes. Its own story can easily be told within the limits of a few pages. In the very hour of the rapture and ecstacy of our full and final triumph in the great conflict, the cruel tidings came that seemed for a time to blast it all forever. What was victory without Lincoln? Where was hope with Lincoln murdered! In the midst of the sadness and almost despair that settled down upon all minds and hearts, and in that deep gloom-in that darkness that could indeed be feit-a little band of patriots of the war in the loyal city of Philadelphia recalled the example of the revolutionary fathers. and imitated the action of Washington and his officers of the Continental army, when they were about to bid each other farewell at the end of the long, hard contest of the war for independence. The founders of our order, on that April day, in

1865, as they took counsel together in that city where independence was born, were happily enlightened by the record which the veterans of 1783 had left for their instruction and imitation. It was as if General Washington, and General Knox, and Baron Steuben and their immortal associates had been called to take part in the deliberations of the men whose privilege it had been to stand by their country's cause in the divine war in which Lincoln had been their leader. The path traced by the footprints of the revolutionary fathers was followed with unfaltering steps. The ancient and precious record relates that "the revolution having been accomplished, the Society of the Cincinnati was instituted as a monument of the memorable occasion. Its purpose was to cherish and perpetuate the mutual feelings of patriotism, benevolence and brotherly friendship created by a common experience of the hardships encoun-tered in achieving the freedom of their country, and establishing its rank among the nations of the earth. The movement, though chiefly commemorative, was not unmixed with motives of prudence and policy: was in unison with the spontaneous feeling of the army at the moment of its dissolution and was conducted and controlled by men of tried virtue and wisdom. The guarantee of its character was that it received the sanction and was under the guidance of Washington. * * * Several of the distinguished officers of the war were men of cultivated minds, to whom the ancient classic history and literature were favorite reading, and they now adopted for their association the name and example of the Roman citizen soldier, who laid down in peace arms only assumed for public defense. It was Washington per sonified under the image of the Roman Cincinnatus!"
Wishing to impart to their beloved society an element of durability which otherwise could not belong to it, they provided that its regular membership should be inheritable and directly transferable, upon principles analogous to those of legal descent, and limited to the eldest male posterity. Hamilton and other prominent and earnest advocates of the institution objected to this provision, because it seemed to refer to mere birth what properly belonged to merit, and because it was inconsistent with the genius of the society, and with true republican principles. There were for a time also hostility, angry discussion, and even unfriendly legislation, in several of the States. But gradually it became clear that no rights were conferred nor sought by the society derogation of the rights of other citizens-that the distinction was social and individual, and practically in no way distinguishable from that natural regard for ancestry, which, in the language of Mr. Webster, "elevates the character and improves the heart." The Revolutionary sires who had fought through the seven long and anxious years of the war, about to return in poverty to their homes, were sadly conscious of the great disadvantages in which they were to pass their declining years. Their neighbors who had not shared the dangers, hardships and sacrifices of the war, but who had saved and perhaps increased their estates, were able to leave to their children a competency for their support, and for their social consideration. No so with the scarred veterans of the Army of Washington. The only inheritance they could leave to their children was the good name which accrues to him who risks all and devotes all to serve faithfully his country. Considerations like this gradually acquired their due weight in the judgment of the patriotic public, and long before the last Revolutionary veteran went to his reward the Society of the Cincinnati was regarded as an institution which worthily and honorably represented and preserved the heroic deeds of our country's golden age. The Society of the Cincinnati, as described in this brief summary quoted from authentic history, was he unquestioned prototype of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. No member or friend of the society would wish to change any of the leading facts connected with its origin and early history. The place, the time, the model chosen, and the sentiment which sought and found expression in its organiza-

ion are all fitting and noble. What will be its future? What will be its influence on its members and our countrymen, and especially upon the young who are growing up to take our places! It is not, and it will not be a political organization. We understand very well that free government is, of necessity, a government by means of political parties. We also understand perfectly that men who have stood by their convictions on the perilous edge of batconvictions on the perilous edge tle are not likely to be neutrals in political conflicts of their day. But our organization stands on a sentiment that can easily bear the severest possible strain due to sectarian or partisan feelings. The Loyal Legion is essentially the organic expression of our comradeship in a sacred war. Our honored companion who is so largely at this time and in this place in all our thoughts, in his terse and emphatic way gave the whole pith of the question. Said Gen. Harrison, "Politics cannot break the bond of comrade ship." In this the General made no mistake. You, my companion, do not think as I do on the political issues of the hour. You are confident that I am wrong. But I match your confidence. I know I am right and that you are wrong. This difference between us does not even dim the brightness of the links that unite us. They were welded when we stood together as comrades on holy ground, fighting for eternal right. Where is holy ground! If anywhere it is where man freely dies for his fellow-man. That sublime privilege was the crown of Lincoln's fame. And we of the Loyal Legion and our comrades of the Grand Army can reverently thank God that we were permitted to stand by Lincoln in the deadly crisis of our Nation's

I repeat the question, what shall be the teaching which the Loyal Legion will give to the companions of the order, to their countrymen and to posterity? Ideas rule the world. It goes without saying that the ideas we fought for are the principles of the Loyal Legion. Those ideas, without regard to the sect or party of our choice, we hold to. All legitimate results and fair deductions from these principles we will also ever cherish The Union of the fathers was imperiled by secession. Our faith is that the American Republic, in the

language of the Supreme Court, is "an indestructible Union of indestructible States.' The general government was threatened by the doctrine that the allegiance of the citizen was due only to his State. Our faith is that the citizen's allegiance is to the United States, and that the United

States is in authority, and duty, in the fullest possible The contention of our adversaries was that slavery was national, perpetual and of Divine origin. Our faith is that no statute and no Constitution can make valid "the false and fatal phantasy that man can hold

property in man. By reason of their peculiar institution in the slaveholding States education was within the reach of only the few who were rich. But for the white man who was poor it was not provided, and for the colored man it was not simply denied, but by solemn enactments was made a crime. The faith or the Loyal Legion is that universal suffrage is essential to liberty, and that there can be no fitting exercise and no full enjoyment of the right of suffrage without universal education. The corner-stone of the slave-holding system was the impious dogma that "might makes right." But the trail of the serpent is over all human society, and is found where the foot-print of a slave was never seen. The weaker nations around us with which we deal; the Indians; the children of misfortune, of poverty, of evil habits and of crime, who are at all our doors-the faith that we learned in the school of war with respect to them all, is that they are the offspring of our common Father, and that social distinc tion, wealth; learning and other advantages outside of character were of little avail in that bloody trial, and that everything there deferred to manhood. Therefore we would inculate sympathy with manhood and respect for manhood wherever it is found. Above all, our faith is in America. We believe in the study of America, of its history, of its geography, and of the lives of its men and of its women. We believe in American principles, in American music, and songs and tunes. We have no quarrel with Europe, or with any foreign people. But we prefer that their notions, their follies, their vices and their perils should remain on the other side of the Atlantic. We have enough vices, follies and perils of our own. We

We believe in the American home and in the char-American homes happy. We have faith in all our hearts and in all minds in American women. They lend to every cherished scene of life its chief grace and ornamental charm. We owe to them the bes refuge and blessing the earth affords. To them we owe the art of making homes. Their tact and wisdom as teachers and their virtue make as follows:

Companions and friends: To a plain speaking person like myself, an invitation to be present and assist on any occasion carries with it its own earnest of hearty good will. So when the committee informed me that they had put me on the slate for a speaking person as hurriedly as they came. [Applause.]

It only remains to tell guests of the evening that when the great trial came, and calamity was to be met and sacrifices made, Mr. Lincoln could say, lack the happiness of the Applause.]

It only remains to tell guests of the evening that when the great trial came, and calamity was to be met and sacrifices made, Mr. Lincoln could say, lack the happiness of the Countess of Dudley sleeps between black we genuine residents, protested fully fifty years against the title "Hoosier," but in vain. Now, however, we have adopted it and are proud of it. [Good, bully.] It is no longer a reproach, its signification has changed. It means a great State now; a women were applied to the women of America, it

import from Europe altogether too many.

would not do them justice for their conduct during this war.

God bless the women of America! Finally, one of the mistakes of the rebellion was unduly to exalt what they called "sovereign States." They thought each State should have its own flag for its people to gaze upon, and to admire and love. They would have had thirty-four flags in 1861-thirtyeight now-and at no distant day a hundred. Each would represent a separate government, a separate army and a separate navy, and all of them would wave helplessly and miserably over "States discordant, dissevered, belligerent!" The faith of the Loyal Legion is the reverse of all this. We believe that the whole of the American Republic-every State and every acre in every State, belongs to one flag, "the old flag"—the stars and stripes—the flag of Washington and of Lincoln—the flag of the United States.

Their rabble of flags would have represented neverending petty wars between the inhabitants of petty States. Our one flag represents a people great, pros-perous and happy, whose heritage will be as long as they are guided by wisdom and justice, the enjoyment of unbroken harmony and perpetual peace throughout a continental republic These, companions and friends, are some of the les-

sons which the society of the Loval Legion would teach to our children and our children's children to the

end of the chapter. At every pause in General Hayes's address he was heartily applauded, and at the conclusion of his remarks the guests rose to their feet and gave him three hearty cheers.

The toast of "Our Silent Companions," in connection with which General Wallace gave the sentiment, "The windows of the house of memory are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood," was drank standing and in silence. Then the singing-school furnished further selections, and after these Lieutenant Jas. S. Ostrander, standing on a table near the on trance of the room, spoke as follows:
"To my country." with the sentiment—

"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty"-

Patriotism is the natural state of man; only dis torted nature breeds treason, and in free air it dies. Favored beyond other lands, we find the inspiration of a mighty destiny; but it is the sound of breaking chains echoing through the years from Appointtox that makes our countrymen a race of patriots-our country the jewel of the nations. We have consulted the oracle, and read by the light of the musket's that this great continent is dedito freedom—one country under one Whatever question there may have been of right and wrong, whatever of glittering sophistry opposed to eternally abiding truth died, on the battle field by the judgment that was written with pen of fire and uttered with tongue of flame.

In the fullness of the peace that followed victory -with armor off and arms hung by for monuments -we are here to-night proud in the consciousness that through the lotus-eating madness we stood shoulder to shoulder for the majesty of our whole country.

Man makes the camp his home, the battle-field his world, the patriot's death his glory, and all for country. Kingdoms may flourish or may fade. Dynasties may rise and fall. "The earth buth bubbles as the water has, and these are of them"-but our heart clings with all the strength of love to that dear spot of earth, whether bounded by oceans or hemmed in with alien mountain tops which make the noonday twilight-over whose bosom we may stretch our hands and proudly say, "My country!" That sacred soil whose defense sends men loyally to death, even though they find for sepulchers an unknown grave, and for epitaph, "Only the berb of the field." It is true that all this great planet is the earth, but it i not that earth whose moisture we carry in our veins. The whole atmosphere is air; but it is not the air that like a gentle nurse has sung our cradle lullaby. All the sun is light, but it is not that light which, first reflected from the dearest eyes, pressed its immortal kiss upon our forehead All men are our brothers, but they are not those brothers who speak their thoughts in the music of the tongue learned at our mother's knee, and though we ourney in teeming lands where man counts his nativity through the traditions of ten thousand years, or in trackless solitude that has never echoed to hu man footfall, our heart untraveled-fondly turns to the hallowed ground over whose hills and valleys the old flag hovers like a benison and on whose bosom nestles the sacred altarifires of home.

In the touch of nature that makes us all of kin, our pulse bounds in sympathy with the exiled mountaineer as his feet press his native land, and holding his free hands to heaven he cries in the exultation of his patriot heart, "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again, I hold to you the hands you once beheld, to show they still are free.

And yet, his country was a barren wilddrness, sublime only in its desolation; his broad mountain tops, a waste of eternal snow; his countrymen, ground under the iron neel of oppression or "butchered to make a tyrant's holiday." If a land where nature is forever at war with itself and man tyranizes man, can waken such emotions, or stand upright among the nations, safe in its loyal sons, what sacrifice too great in defense of this peerless heritage, this royal seat where every man is king, this dear, dear land at whose illustrious birth all the beatitudes of Fortune stood sponsors and Liberty rocked the cradle! The hand that fashioned worlds and scored with barriers the boundaries of nations gave us a continent for country, and set it like a gem between the silver seas. Since "the evening and the morning was the first day" dawn has not broken on a land so fair, and the proudest boast of the ages rings on the lips that say: "I am an American citizen!" On the corner-stone of freedom, through suffering and sacrifice, through blood and tears, our fathers and our father's sons have builded for eternity, and in the perfection of the temple the dream of the troubled centuries has come to pass. Where the beautiful Hudson races down to the sea and the grand metropolis of this new world sends out

its argosies to land of sun and land of snow; standing by the pulsing waters, and towering in colossal presence, above the storms and clouds of earth into the pure air of the eternal sunlight, the embodied majesty of this free land lifts her flaming torch to heaven, and on its radiant beams sends down the winds a message to the world that here at last manhood has attained its majority. The waste of waters bears the glad tidings to the sea-girt lands. The rivers repeat them to the mountain tops that from their misty shrouds echo the glad refrain, and in celestial harmony the song rings round the world, "Liberty, freedom, justice are rooted in the virgin soil. God reigns and man is free." That freedom, ours! That glorious land, our country!

Following this, Capt. Eugene Cary, of Chicago, responded eloquently to the toast of the citizen soldier, and Col. D. P. Dyer spoke effectively in response to the toast of the Missouri Commandery.

After the speech of Col. Dyer, volunteer toasts were responded to by Wm. Cassius Goodloe, of Lexington. Ky., who spoke on "The New South:" Col. Hepburn, of Iowa, and Col. Mills. of Topeks, Kan., who presented the new commandery with a pair of breeches, the speech receiving which was by General Carnahan; Col. W. E. Merrill, of Pennsylvania, and others who contributed to the oratory of the time.

After further musical contributions by the singing school, the companions dispersed with many expressions of satisfaction over their meeting, and many good wishes for the success of the new commandery.

Among the Companions. General Harrison attended the business meeting of the Indiana Commandery yesterday afternoon, but on account of other engagements that had been previously made was not at the

Commander-in-chief Hayes has three sons who are members of the Loyal Legion. The eldest son came in as a member of the second class by virtue of the promogeniture clause in the constitution of the order, and the other boys came in as the lineal representatives of relatives of their mother, who left no other descendants to occupy their places.

The California Commandery sent the following message: "California sends Christmas greating and warmest congratulations to the Commandery of Indiana, instituted at the happiest season of the year. May she have a happy and prosperous career. We deeply regret our inability to be present, but shall be with you in

Letters of regret were received from General Sherman, General Belknap and others, expressing their regret over their inability to attend. and containing cordial good wishes for the success of the new organization.

The thanks of the visiting and local companions were freely expressed to the local committees, whose unremitting care and attention made the occasion one that was heartily enjoyed by all participants:

Local Obituary.

Prof. Christian Bopp, residing at 120 Indiana avenue, died yesterday morning of dropsical trouble. Prof. Bopp came to this country from Germany in 1870. He was a highly educated man, and was a teacher of German in the German independent schools for some time. He was also the founder of the Lyra Society, and was connected with other musical societies, in which he was highly respected. The remains will be interred this afternoon.

Mrs. J. J. Henderson, wife of Mr. Henderson, the agent of the Adams Express Company, died night before last. The remains will be taken, to-day, to Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, for interment. She was thirty-seven years of age, and leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss.

Reception at Dr. Allen's.

Mrs. H. R. Allen threw open her beautiful home, on North Delaware street, yesterday, for an informal reception to members of the Loyal Legion now in the city. Music and refreshments served to add to the enjoyment of the guests. Mrs. Allen was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. James T. Wright, Miss Allen and Miss Nellie Allen, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Mrs. Clifton Comley, Mrs. Oran Perry, Mrs. C. C. Foster, Mrs. Charles Martindale, Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. John Duncan and Mrs. Harry Bates. About three hundred gentlemen called and paid their re-

Countess, Duchess and Black Silk.

of lace. Could caprice go further? They say is improves the appearance of the skin. Temperance orators tell a story of a woman who pinned the blue ribbon to her night-gown, so that her principles should be prominent if a sudden alarm of fire made it imperative that she should appear in that single garment. The fads of these aristocratic ladies are quite as rational.

STORY OF JESSIE LACOMBER.

A Romance More Thrilling than the Wildest Vagaries of Dime Novels.

Vicksburg (Miss) Herald. There is in Vicksburg a lady whose history is remarkable, and has around it a veil of romance equal to the wildest conceived border drama. with the additional charm, however, that her history is strictly true.

Last Sunday, a quiet, unassuming couple stopped at the English Kitchen and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Dosh Kensington. Yesterday evening the C. H. man received a pointer that theirs was more than an ordinary history, and he called on the lady, her husband being temporarily absent from the city. From her own lips the following weird tale of Indian life and captivity among them was learned:

The lady's maiden name was Miss Jessie Lacomber, a full-blooded American girl, and her father was killed by the Indians when she was about two years old. Her mother married General Lagretto, a retired Mexican officer, who became a citizen of the United States many years ago. In 1871 the child in question then, but now the lady of twenty-seven or eight, was stolen from her mother and step-father by the Banitto tribe of Indians in northern idaho. Thirteen years passed, with no tidings of the little girl's fate, and the parents many times gave her up as dead, but the story came to the ears of the Department at Washington, and a search was ordered. It may here be remarked that when Indians steal a white child the captive is carefully concealed, and, though sometimes almost in sight of civilization, the pris-oner is carefully guarded and concealed on the

approach of a pale-face. General Phil Sheridan took the matter in charge, believing that the child still lived, and after the expenditure of thousands of government dollars, news was received of the girl's whereabouts, and she was rescued on Aug. 7, 1884. The chief scout and guide was Dosh Kensington, and, naturally enough for the ending of the romance, he was smitten with the charms of the pretty young miss, and married her.

The lady's story of her life among the Indians is even more dramatic than her capture. She tells of their marauding expeditions, and graphically describes the tortures of the faggot and stake and the tomshawk.

Just like the story in the dime novels, a big brave fell in love with her when she was thirteen, and cooly announced himself as her future husband. She refused the proffered but doubtful honor, and then a process of coercion was tried. It was, to say the least, annoying at first, but it gradually increased to such little persuasive means as gashing her with a knife, she now bearing no less than sixteen wounds on her person. She still remained obdurate, and from then on to her rescue she was treated as kindly as possible, but always kept under the strictest surveillance. When she had been resened the young lady was taken to her former home, only to find that her step-father had been killed by Mexicans on the Rio Grande. Since then she has traveled at ease, being a ward of the government and well provided for.

Her husband, Dosh Kensington, was born in Colfax, Col., and his parents were kuled while he was an infant by the Modoc Indians. The child was taken prisoner and passed his life in captivity until he was ten years old, when he was rescued by Colonel Cheatham and placed in the government school at San Francisco, where he remained four years. For sixteen years be was in the employ of the government, and was with General Custer just previous to the battle with Sitting Bull, but he was sent to Reno with orders just before the massacre and thus escaped death. He started with General Grant on his memorable tour around the world, but was recalled from London. He was with While Cloud, Big Bear and Golden Eagle, of the Umatills tribe, when arranging for the transfer of their reservation to the government. Afterward he was detailed to look up moonshiners in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, and since then, at various times, has been detailed

on government business. Mrs. Kensington is quite pretty and very healthy looking. She has not as much education as is the lot of young ladles of the day, but she evinces an intelligence on current topics that amounts almost to an intuitive knowledge. On every point she talks freely except the one relating to her allowance from the government, which she refused to divulge, and this leaves an impression that Uncle Sam has been retier more generous with her than with other waft.

As an illustration of her innocence, when the reporter presented his card she scanned it attentively and naively asked: "What is this for?" and it required the explanation of the other ladies present to let her know of its use. They evidently don't use cards much in the far West. From here the couple will go to New Orleans, but their stay here will probably last until Sun-Disproving His Own Teachings.

Henry George, now in England, remarks that

the condition of the American laborer is much better than that of the laborer in Great Britain -and Mr. George is an out-and-out free-trader.

His Researches Limited.

A French savant has decided that there is no consciousness or pain after decapitation. He did not extend his researches to the office-hold-

Not That Kind of a Tie.

Knox ville (Tenn.) Sentinel, It is now proposed to annex Hayti to this country. We hardly want such a tie as that

A GREAT man and a good has just died at Colmar, M. Mangold, whose death has just been announced, was not only a sweet singer and successful playwright, but he was also a very famous manufacturer of pates de foie gras; and who, knowing the virtues of the latter, would wonder that his death is deeply mourned in France, and most of all at Paris?

The congress also adopted a rule that all members of the congress should debar all persons expelled by either the American or the National Trotting Association for fraud during the continuance of such expulsion.

"Ir needs," as Hamlet says, "no ghost To come and tell" this truth. Pure Sozodont preserves the teeth, In age, in manhood, youth. If any sustitute is offered For this, reject it when 'tis proffered. PEARS' Soap is the most elegant toilet adjunct.

Summer Land. First-class round-trip and second-class oneway excursions to California will leave St. Louis every Tuesday during the season via Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain routes. Through Pullman sleepers and best accommodations in

every respect. For particulars address COKE ALEXANDER, District Passenger Agent, No. 7 Jackson place, Indianapolis.

SHORT'S K. K. cures coughs or hearseness.

Imported Wines. For fine ports, sherries, Rhine wines, etc., go to Casper Schmalholz, importer, 29 S. Meridian st. Goods sold from single bottle on up.

SHORT'S K. K. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

Choking Catarrh.

Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the horrible sensations of an assassin clutching your

throat and pressing the life-breath from your tightened chest! Have you noticed the languor and debility that succeed the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrhal matter! What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pains and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the nasal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous mucus all can testify who are afflicted with catarrh. How difficult to protect the system ag inst its further progress towards the lungs, liver and kid-

neys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease, and cries out for relief and cure. The remarkable curative powers, when all other remedies utterly fail, of Sanford's Radical Cure, are attested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fellow-sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that cannot be substantiated by the most respectable and reliable references. Each packet contains one bottle of the Radical Cure.

one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and an Improved Inbaler, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all druggists for \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

STRAINS, SPRAINS, PAINS
Relieved in one minute by that new, tidote to pain, inflammation and weakness,